

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Matrimony is Full of Bills

Be Sure to Have the Price. Nothing So Quickly Wakes a Couple from Love's Dream as the Sound of the Collector Hammering at the Front Door

By DOROTHY DIX.

This is the third commandment of matrimony: Thou shalt not marry until thou hast the price thereof in thy pocket for, lo, matrimony is full of bills.

The two greatest promoters of divorce are the individual who first held out the alluring theory that "love is enough," and his twin brother in iniquity who laid down the proposition that two can live as cheaply as one.

Millions of gutless young couples have married on this platform only to find that it collapsed under the weight of actual experience. They fondly believed that love was enough, and that, if you were united to the idol of your soul, in some miraculous way Cupid would feed you as the ravens did the prophets of old, and that, anyway, you would exist in some sort of a seventh heaven where you would be indifferent to such sordid things as food, and clothes, and shelter.

But, to their amazement, they found out that after marriage they were just as hungry three times a day as they were before; and they took just the same interest in clothes, and found plumbing, and a good bathtub and elevator service just as necessary to their bodily comfort as in their bachelor days.

Moreover, family life isn't a sum in simple addition. It's generally compound addition, and one and one in matrimony don't make two, but an indefinite number whose cost no man can guess beforehand.

These sordid and disillusioning considerations are a blight to romance, but they are certainties that have to be faced. Matrimony has to be properly financed in order to be a success, for nothing so soon and so effectually wakes a man and woman up from love's young dream as the sound of the bill collector hammering on the door.

It is a sad truth, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that our bodies have to be comfortable before we have any spiritual uplift. No man whose stomach is crying out for good food ever stops to think of the state of his heart. No woman who is worn out with cooking, and washing, and sewing, and nursing fretful babies, has got a romantic thrill left in her system. She would rather have a \$5 bill to hire a maid with than a ton of deathless love lyrics addressed to her eyes.

Nine-tenths of domestic happiness has its root in the money question. A young couple marry before they have the price of a wedding ring, and the expenses it entails. The man finds that he has sold himself into bondage to grocers and butchers and dry goods merchants and doctors.

Work as hard as he may, he can never satisfy the unending calls upon his pay envelope. He has no chance to get ahead, no possibility of enjoying himself, or doing anything but the daily task to which he is driven by his family necessities.

No wonder he gets discouraged, disgruntled, grouchy and that he comes to see in his wife nothing but the millstone about his neck.

The woman finds that marriage has turned her into a domestic slave whose whole life is passed in the endless round of cooking and sewing, and scrubbing and washing, and tending sickly babies, and pretesting pinching economies. She becomes disillusioned, even about herself, because she knows that hard work and privations, and the lack of pretty clothes and luxuries are fatal to a woman's looks and charms.

Rightly or wrongly we have formed habits on whose gratification depends our happiness. The man accustomed to good food starves on course food, the man accustomed to daily baths is uncomfortable without them. The man who has lived in a pleasant neighborhood, amidst a quiet tenement, with uneducated, unrefined, unwashed humanity about him. The woman daintily reared, and accustomed to all the elegancies of society, is wretched if deprived of the softness of life.

The moral of all of this is that no man should marry until he is able to properly finance matrimony, and has enough money on hand to be reasonably sure of being able to live approximately in the same way in which he has been accustomed to live. Above all, he should not marry until he has money enough to be sure that he will not be hounded by the spectre of debt that eats the very heart out of man and paralyzes his energy and ambition.

No man should set up a yacht, an automobile, or a wife—they all cost about the same—until he has the price thereof, bear in mind, the third commandment of matrimony, which is: Thou shalt not marry until thou hast the price thereof, for, lo, matrimony is full of bills.

Valuable Discovery in Complexion Beautifier

Because of its peculiar power of absorption, also because it serves every eminent purpose, ordinary make-up was in perilous jeopardy. A valuable complexion beautifier discovered within recent years. If one uses this skin needs no toilet cream. Some use powder afterward, but this is not necessary. This rule for applying the beautifier has been found very satisfactory. Wash the face with warm water, drying lightly. Before thoroughly dry, apply the beautifier with the wax. Do not rub it in. The favorite way is to use before retiring, allowing it to remain on all night and washing off in the morning with warm water. All druggists have this in original one-ounce packages.

For the removal of a wrinkled or flabby condition there's nothing better than to bathe the face in a solution made by dissolving 1 ounce powdered saxtilite in 1/2 pint witch hazel. Beneficial results are quickly noticeable.—Advertisement.

Pin Money Frocks

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



Plaid serge is here suggested for a simple morning dress, but homespun or any other material would do as well. The collar, cuffs and belt should be made of plain cloth in a contrasting color.

Simplicity is the hall-mark of this suit that, with its flare of coat and fullness of skirt, will hold its own among the season's more elaborate models.

Importance of Concentration on Work

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

One of the essentials to success in our work, whatever that work may be, is to know how to concentrate our powers upon the object immediately in hand. It is narrated of Napoleon, whose ability in this particular was most marvelous, that it was as though his mind were made up of a series of compartments, any one of which he could open at will, and keep all the rest closed, and do all of his work and exercise all of his energy in that one single compartment.

He had so trained himself that having a single object which he wanted to attain, he could act as though that were the one exclusive object in all the world that he had any concern for, and simply focus himself upon it, and forget for the time being that there was anything else anywhere that he had any interest in.

The entire man, therefore, in all his superb outfit of wisdom and determination bore entirely upon one point. Then when that was accomplished he could close that compartment and put himself in some other one, and in that way always have all that there was in him invested in the pursuit of but a single aim.

We know that if the quarryman wants to break into a ledge of rock it is not done by indiscriminately flying at the ledge with a sledge hammer, but by setting up a drill at a particular spot and concentrating his muscle at that spot. He gathers at that drill—not more than an inch in diameter—all that there is in him in the shape of raw strength, and the drill goes in, the hole is cleared and the rocks fly. That is a commonplace kind of illustration. No sensible man would think of breaking up a ledge by any other process.

In order to run a locomotive, steam is produced, but kept in confinement, so that its force cannot expend itself in every direction, but only at the one

special point of pressure upon the piston-rod. A boiler liberally perforated with points of leakage would mean no motion at the driving wheel. So that Napoleon, although occupied upon a different line of work, nevertheless won his success by the use of the same principle as is availed of by the quarryman and the locomotive engineer.

There is nothing in this principle that needs prevent a person from having a great many things upon his mind. Most people that count for much in the community do have, but harm and a spend-thrift use of personal power begins only when they attempt to have a good many things on their mind at one and the same time with their thoughts and efforts moving in different directions at the same moment, which prevents successful movement in any direction and involves a wasteful expenditure of energy.

People who are burdened and anxious cannot do good work unless they have the grace to forget their burden and extinguish their anxiety. Nor can we successfully invest ourselves in a variety of enterprises, unless we keep them, like Napoleon, in compartments so essentially distinct from each other that the idle compartments will know nothing about what is going on in the busy one.

If a man with all the varied genius of Napoleon was obliged, in order to succeed, to put the undivided whole of himself into the one particular purpose of which he was at the moment in pursuit, how much more rigidly is that principle applicable to the great majority of people, who either have no genius or one of exceedingly limited proportions. That, I might remark in closing, is the secret of the difficulty that some of us have in soundly sleeping at night; we close the windows when we go to bed and lock the doors, but omit to shut some one or more of those inner compartments in which the mind does its day's work; so that, divided in two between sleeping and thinking, we neither sleep to much affect nor think thoughts that show themselves to be worth anything after we have become fully awake.

It does not follow from being interested in a newspaper article or in a public address that one is thereby actually benefited. Readiness to be interested is one thing; we are "that of us exactly" disposition to be instructed and to have our views modified and replaced by other views is something different, and that is what very few of us are.

We commence to read an article and read till we encounter an idea that is foreign to our way of thinking and then either skip to some other column or begin fortifying ourselves against the distasteful notion that seeks to impose itself upon us. We read newspapers and magazines and listen to speeches and sermons with a view of finding in them an expression of what we ourselves think. Just as a handsome face turns to a mirror in order to enjoy the reflection that the mirror throws back.

So that when in the course of our reading we encounter an expression that exactly fits our own mind we pat ourselves with the observation, expressed or unexpressed, we are "that of us exactly" or, if it is an expression that strikes back at us in a way to challenge our mode of thinking we evade the challenge by assuming that the writer does not altogether understand what it is that he is writing or discoursing about.

Still writers keep on writing and orators continue to orate, but with an understanding of wonderment in their own minds as to whether their most successful writing does anything more than to afford their readers intellectual entertainment and their most sincere preaching anything more than to give momentary occupation to their hearers' ethical propensities.

Why We Quarrelled

No. 3—The Husband's Side—He Tells of the Frivolous Wife.



"The idea," she cried, "of a man expecting a woman to make up by his society for all the fun he wants her to lose."

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.

It is strange that people who agree in the essentials should quarrel about such a nonessential as society. Yet this is what my wife and I did.

Molly lived in a country town and our marriage. When she came to New York as my wife she was fascinated by the gaiety and the senseless whirl that mean less than nothing to me, she is charming, and my friends called on her and immediately "took her up," as the saying goes.

Molly informed me that it was our duty to return the calls made upon us. This I agreed to, thinking that when this post-homonym task was performed we might rest in peace in our little home and each other's companionship. But Molly had no such idea. Instead, she insisted on entertaining all who entertained us. This meant that we gave a series of dinners that cost more than we could afford. At last I set my foot down hard.

"See here," I said, "I am not a society bud, and I decline to be one. I will not pay for any more of these fool dinners such as he have been giving for the last two months."

"But," she protested, "everybody gives them."

"Then let us have the charm of originality," I proposed. "Let us cut out the dinners."

"What shall we have instead?" she asked, her eyes lighting at the thought of some new form of entertainment. Her face fell at my answer:

"We'll give nothing. At least I won't. And as I have not an unlimited income, you'd better decide to let the other fellows do the entertaining for the rest of this year."

"In other words," she retorted, "we'll be spongers and sorters!"

"Nothing of the sort!" I contradicted. "These people entertained us; we re-

turned the compliment. Now let the thing drop. The game's played."

"Then," she said, "am I to say shut up in the house all the time and be lonely and stupid and bored to death?"

It did seem a bit hard, and I saw that it did. So I modified my statement somewhat.

"No," I said, "but if you must go to affairs, let them be the things that come off in the day time, not at night. There are plenty of lunches and afternoon teas, if you like that kind of thing."

She followed my proposal with a vim that surprised me. If she did not receive an invitation to lunch, she asked some friend to go to a restaurant with her. I held my peace for a while, then I reminded her that it cost more to eat at a restaurant than at home.

"Since you must have some kind of social gaiety," I suggested, "do make it some afternoon affair that does not necessitate the price of an elaborate meal."

The following week she announced that she had decided to join a bridge club.

"That will be something pleasant for the afternoon," she remarked, "and it will not mean that I have to pay for a luncheon or for any other meal."

This sounded good to me, and I congratulated myself that, having run the gamut of gaiety, Molly would now be satisfied with devoting an afternoon or two of each week to her friends and cards.

I was doomed to speedy disappointment, when the bridge club was well under way I counted four afternoons out of the six working days when I reached home to find my wife absent until dinner time.

Each time I spoke a gentle reproof, but it produced no effect.

I tried to be patient, but at the end of a month I could control my indignation no longer.

It was a cold and snowy evening, and I had had a hard day at the office. I reached home at a quarter of 7, and as

I entered my apartment I called my wife.

The negro maid replied from the kitchen door: "She ain't in yet. Dinner's ready, too, but I 'spec' she'll be home right soon."

I waited until twenty minutes past 7. Then, as our regular dinner hour was 7, I told the maid to wait no longer. I seated myself at the table, and had finished my soup when Molly entered hurriedly.

"Oh, I'm glad you began without me," she said. "I'll be ready in a minute."

"What detained you?" I asked sternly when she had returned to the dining room after laying aside her hat and wraps.

"We played late, and the street car came up slowly on account of the snow," she explained.

"When did you start uptown?" I queried.

Molly is truthful, and she answered frankly. "At a quarter of 7."

"And you expected to ride that distance on a surface car in fifteen minutes?" I asked.

She flushed angrily. "Would you have me leave before the other women did and thus break up the game?" she demanded.

"Yes," I declared, "I would! And if bridge means neglect of your husband and home, you will give it up."

"I won't!" she exclaimed. "We may as well have an understanding here and now. You have stopped every other amusement I have, and I mean to have a little fun. I declare—her eyes flashing—"The idea of any man expecting to make up to a woman by his society for all the fun he wants her to lose!"

"Wives have a right to do as they please, just as much as husbands have. Some wives may submit to unreasonable rules and regulations, but I don't mean to! You may as well resign yourself to that fact."

I have not resigned myself to the fact, but I have to accept it—or lose my wife.

J. Rufus Wallingford Esq.

To-morrow Announces

FULL DETAILS in RE. INVESTING a DIME in the MOVIES

Patience, people. You may think that the plan Mr. Daw and myself offer you and 9,999 other brilliant Americans is the only one I have handy to help make you wealthy quickly, and on little investment, I plan to devote my time and that of our high-priced staff of financial experts to your service.

If you were not fortunate enough to be one of the 10,000 members of the Wallingford "Movie" Ring, do not despair. I will have another plan just as good for you.

But anyway, tomorrow, I will tell you how, for the price of a 10c loaf of bread, you might make a fortune. How our co-operative moving picture going public would extend like a net over the country.

Here's the proposition. You could invest a dime. So could 9,999 others. With the \$1,000 thus received we could open a moving picture theatre. Each of the stockholders would bring two friends. This would give us 30,000 customers to start. Those customers are given coupons to urge them to bring two more friends. So that we could open a chain of theatres throughout the country.

Being utterly optimistic wouldn't do for us. We are not radical, we are very conservative. That is why we are hesitating to decide about the proposition at once, even though inside of a week 10c would unquestionably become \$10 and inside of a year \$1,000. And even though we are sure that we could make 10c become \$158,976.23 within five years.